

My grandfather, I swear to God (unintelligible) and there weren't many people there...I swear to God that there were ten people...I mean if the one person..."Do you know your grandfather paid for my daughter's college and I didn't know until two days ago? Does your grandfather know? Did you know...your grandfather, when we lost our business, he paid our mortgage? And I didn't know until..." He'd literally do it and they'd not know it. And the one thing that I am am (unintelligible) is that my grandfather did is that, a part of me giving, is also a need...

ZK: It's a selfish thing.

HB: No.It's ... it is so selfish, but the part that really...is the part that really bothers me is this...my grandfather did it almost completely anonymously. Like my grandfather didn't have this fucking problem that I do.

ZK: Did he have any substance abuse?

HB: What? No. Well, yea...(unintelligible). But, you know, my grandfather...is this thing that I'm desperate for...?

ZK: What?

HB: I'm desperate for a Mom. I know from my stories that my Mom was that Mom that said I was her gift.

ZK: Yeah.

HB: But I don't have anybody to...

ZK: Tell that to.

HB: To say ...

ZK: To reassure you.

HB: And so I want to give the gift back.

ZK: But you can't give it to her.

HB: And so I give it to Shawna, I give it to...you know what? Not that they're bad people...and it's not like you shouldn't expect (unintelligible).

ZK: And at the same time, it's like you need to know that like, these people will never meet another...

HB: I know but ...

ZK: No, no, but listen to what I have to say. They'll never meet another you again, so even if, for some reason, if you fucking drop dead tomorrow, if whatever...if something happens and you get locked up, whatever. If it ends, if it gets cut off, all they will remember is the blessing and then they'll have the strength to figure it out on their own.

And then it's all back to let's appreciate my blessings. Let's appreciate what I do have right now and all they're going to remember is that.

HB: See, if I was [sic] to die tomorrow, my eulogy, I mean my fucking...it would not be very pretty.

ZK: Oh, I would make sure it was pretty.

HB: I don't think that half the people that I've done anything for would show up. I don't think that 90% would.

ZK: Would you want them to show up?

HB: Yeah, there's a part of me that would.

ZK: Yeah, yeah. It's okay. It'd be televised. They can see it on the tubies.³⁴

HB: It won't be televised. The President of the United States wouldn't come to my funeral.

ZK: You wouldn't want that shit.

HB: I'm being serious though.

ZK: You don't want Donald Trump's...

HB: Not just him, Barack wouldn't come...Michelle wouldn't... I mean, my point is this: I don't know if anybody would want to come fucking eulogize me...other than my Dad, obviously.

ZK: Your uncle.

HB: And, of course, my uncle.

ZK: So many people. So many people.

HB: I'm not being melodramatic but...

ZK: No, you're not!

HB: And I'm not being (unintelligible), but the truth of the matter is...to realize is this...is that I've fucking done...

ZK: When was the last time you woke up and said, "I am thinking about myself today. What do I want from today?"

HB: See, I don't... I don't think that's the ultimate...

ZK: It's not, but it's the only way...it's self-care. It's the only way to survive.

HB: (Unintelligible) self-care is, when I'm awake, I don't think about myself. The only self-care I know is going to do something for somebody else. It's the only thing that ever makes me feel good.

ZK: Yeah, but that's not long lasting.

HB: I know, honey, but you can do it your whole life.

ZK: No, you can't.

HB: Yeah, you can.

³⁴ <https://www.youtube.com>

ZK: You can, but the life isn't the long life and the life that is your destiny...or you know...your potential.

HB: I know, I'm such a fucking drama queen.

ZK: No, I'm a drama queen!

HB: I know, but Jesus Christ. And part of it is this...you know, I do do the other side of it. You know what I mean?

ZK: What other side of it?

HB: (Unintelligible).

ZK: Of course you do. But that is...

HB: But I know...

ZK: Morals passed on from your family. From the way you were raised.

HB: I don't understand.

ZK: But you need to think about it in terms of, you know...

HB: You know what the thing [is] about Teddy Roosevelt?

ZK: What?

HB: My interest in this is because he had something that I never did. Everything that he did, and he did great things, very much like my father who did great things, but they were also in pursuit... iconic Teddy Roosevelt. Teddy Roosevelt was a master at self-promotion.

ZK: But you know what I say to that?

HB: That's you.

ZK: Fuck yeah.

HB: I know you are, baby.

ZK: Because you know...

HB: Why do you think I like you?

ZK: You know what else that...

HB: Because you have what I don't. And I don't...I...

ZK: You know what else about that...because everything about that would ring in your head, would ring the bells that says, "Well, that's the other side of things. That's kind of the selfish side, that's...", but everyone needs to feel that. Every single person needs to feel that confidence and needs to be their number one fan.

HB: But do you understand that I am my number one fan?

ZK: But you don't act that way?

HB: No, honey, but I am.

ZK: I know you are.

HB: I am. But I'm going to say this...

ZK: That's why I fucking love you.

HB: But, by the way, I am more confident than anybody I know.

ZK: But sometimes you're not.

HB: I know. And the times that I'm not...

ZK: Like trying to ask Shawna to leave...

HB: But the time that I'm not...

ZK: Yeah, it's an emotional thing. It's a heartbreaker.

HB: Because I have been fucking heartbroken because if you put yourself out to this degree and you get broken so many times. Why do I do drugs? It's fucking obvious. I can't fucking handle it.

ZK: OK, so going back to Teddy Roosevelt. What do you think about his perception of self-perseverance?

HB: Well, look. I think...

ZK: Was that something he was thinking about constantly, like throughout all this, or was he, you know, "Fuck it if I die doing this...I die." I mean, he didn't think that, but at the same time, there was still something in the back of his mind that said, "I need, I need to live..."

HB: I know what he thought.

ZK: "... longer. I need to live longer. I need to do more."

HB: No, no. You know why Teddy Roosevelt walked up to that stage and gave his speech?

ZK: No, why?

HB: Because he thought he was going to die. And you know what? He literally knew this. Want a fucking better story than that?

ZK: Fuck yeah. Fuck yeah. Here, finish my...You want to go?